



## HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY

Can Education bring happiness?

This is a question that in recent years has caused much lively debate and several hundred stabbings among American college professors. Some contend that if a student's intellect is sufficiently aroused, happiness will automatically follow. Others say that to concentrate on the intellect and ignore the rest of the personality can only lead to misery.

I myself favor the second view, and I offer in evidence the well-known case of Agathe Fuses.

Agathe, a forestry major, never got anything less than a straight "A", was awarded her B.T. (Bachelor of Trees) in only two years, her M.S.B. (Master of Sap and Bark) in only three, and her D.B.C. (Doctor of Blight and Cutworms) in only four.

Academic glory was hers. Her intellect was the envy of every intellect fan on campus. But was she happy? The answer, alas, was no. Agathe—she knew not why—was miserable, so miserable, in fact, that one day while walking across campus, she was suddenly so overcome with melancholy that she flung herself, weeping, upon the statue of the Founder.

By and by a liberal arts major named R. Twinkle Plenty came by with his yoyo. He noted Agathe's condition. "How come you're so unhappy, hey?" said R. Twinkle.

"Suppose you tell me, you dumb old liberal arts major," replied Agathe peevishly.

"All right, I will," said R. Twinkle. "You are unhappy for two reasons. First, because you have been so busy stuffing your intellect that you have gone and starved your psyche. I've got nothing against learning, mind you, but a person oughtn't to neglect the pleasant, gentle amenities of life—the fun things. Have you, for instance, ever been to a dance?"

Agathe shook her head.

"Have you ever watched a sunset? Written a poem? Smoked a Marlboro Cigarette?"

Agathe shook her head.

"Well, we'll fix that right now!" said R. Twinkle and gave her a Marlboro and struck a match.

She puffed, and then for the first time in twelve or fifteen years, she smiled. "Wow!" she cried. "Marlboro's are a fun thing! What flavor! What filter! What pack or box! What a lot to like! From now on I will smoke Marlboros, and never have another unhappy day!"

"Hold!" said R. Twinkle. "Marlboro alone will not solve your problem—only half of it. Remember I said there were two things making you unhappy?"

"Oh, yeah," said Agathe. "What's the other one?"

"How long have you had that bear trap on your foot?" said R. Twinkle.

"I stepped on it during a field trip in my freshman year," said Agathe. "I keep meaning to have it taken off."

"Allow me," said R. Twinkle and re-



moved it.

"Lands sakes, what a relief!" said Agathe, now totally happy, and took R. Twinkle's hand and led him to a Marlboro vendor's and then to a justice of the peace.

Today Agathe is a perfectly fulfilled woman, both intellectually and personalitywise. She lives in a darling split-level house with R. Twinkle and their 17 children, and she still keeps busy in the forestry game. Only last month, in fact, she became Consultant on Sawdust to the American Butchers Guild, she was named an Honorary Sequoia by the park commissioner of Las Vegas, and she published a best-selling book called *I Was a Slippery Elm for the FBI*.

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The makers of Marlboro are pleased that Agathe is finally out of the woods—and so will you be if your goal is smoking pleasure. Just try a Marlboro.